

IN 12 ISSUES, IT'S ALL OVER!

IDW

#1 • \$3.99

JOE HILL

GABRIEL
RODRIGUEZ

JAY FOTOS

CLOCKWORKS



LOCKE & KEY



WWW.IDWPUBLISHING.COM • \$3.99



8 27714 00251 5

RECOMMENDED FOR MATURE READERS

IDW

#1 • RI CYR

JOE HILL
GABRIEL
RODRIGUEZ
JAY FOTOS

CLOCKWORKS
LOCKE & KEY





Written by: Joe Hill • Art by: Gabriel Rodriguez
Colors by: Jay Fotos • Letters by: Robbie Robbins • Edited by: Chris Ryall

Locke & Key created by Joe Hill and Gabriel Rodriguez

IDW

Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher
Craig Goldstein, Chief Operating Officer
Robbie Robbins, EVP/COO, Graphic Artist
Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer/Editor-in-Chief
Matthew Rozicki, CPA, Chief Financial Officer
Alan Payne, VP of Sales

Become our fan on Facebook [facebook.com/idwpublishing](https://www.facebook.com/idwpublishing)

Follow us on Twitter @idwpublishing

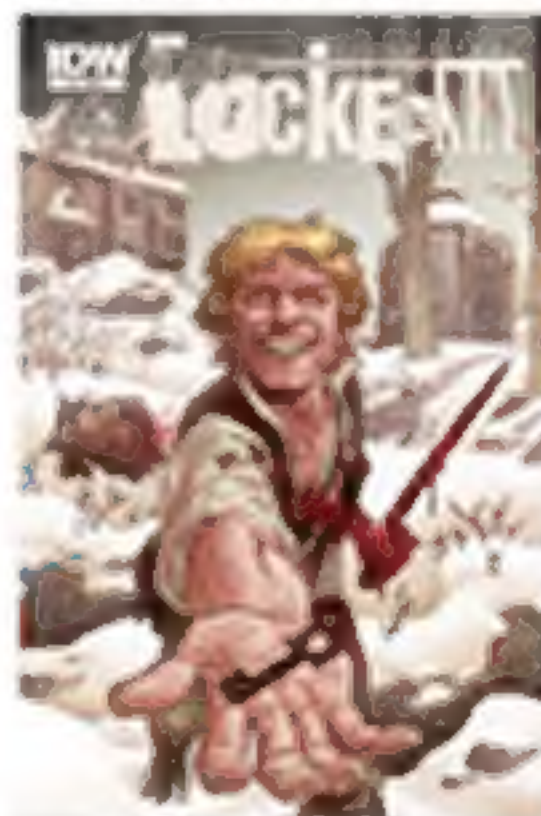
Check us out on YouTube [youtube.com/idwpublishing](https://www.youtube.com/idwpublishing)

www.IDWPUBLISHING.com



LOCKE & KEY: CLOCKWORKS #1, JUNE 2011, FIRST PRINTING. Locke & Key: Keys to the Kingdom script © 2011 Joe Hill; art © 2011 Idea and Design Works, LLC. © 2011 Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 5080 Santa Fe Street, San Diego, CA 92108. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in Korea.
IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.

Cover Checklist:



Regular Cover

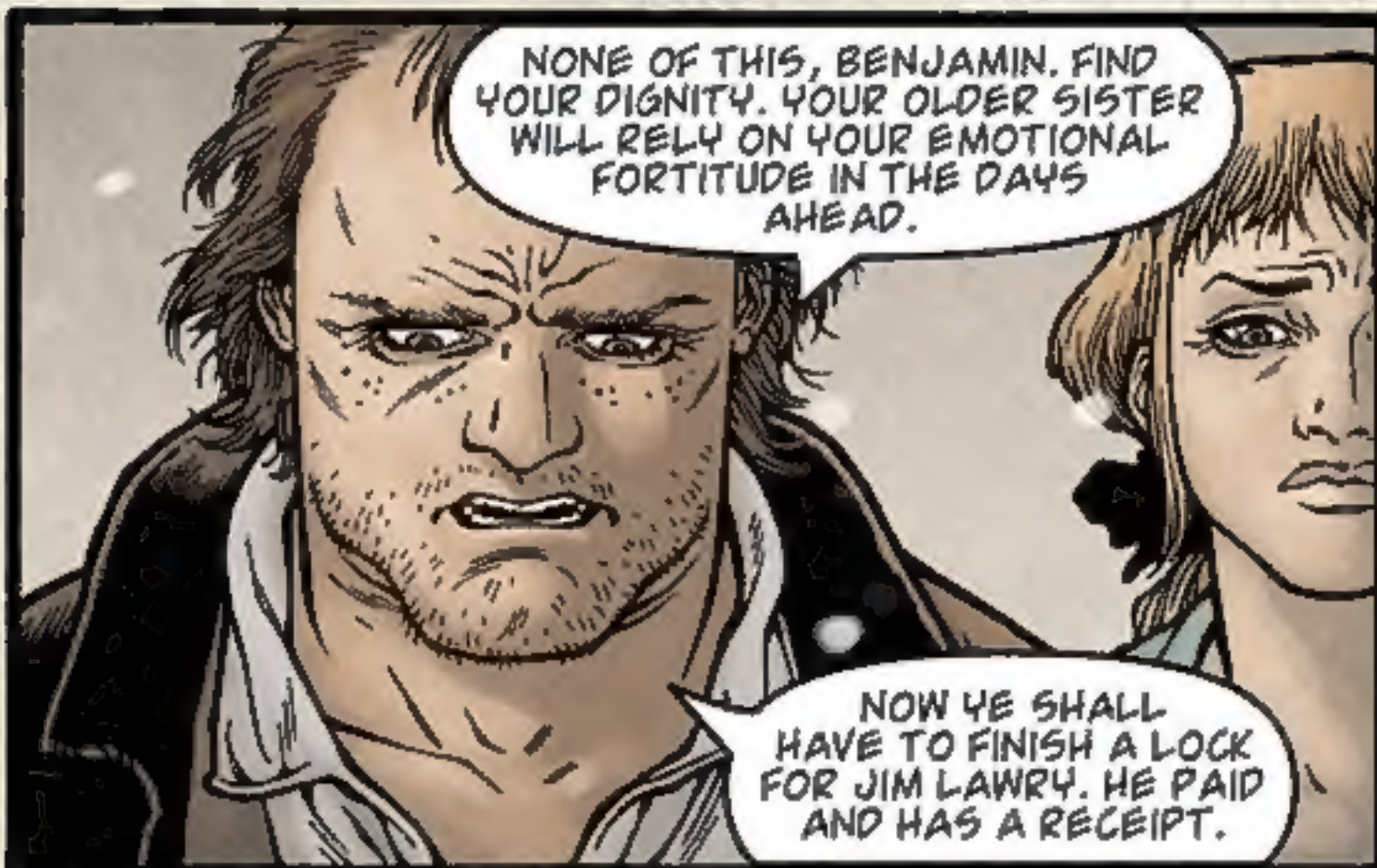
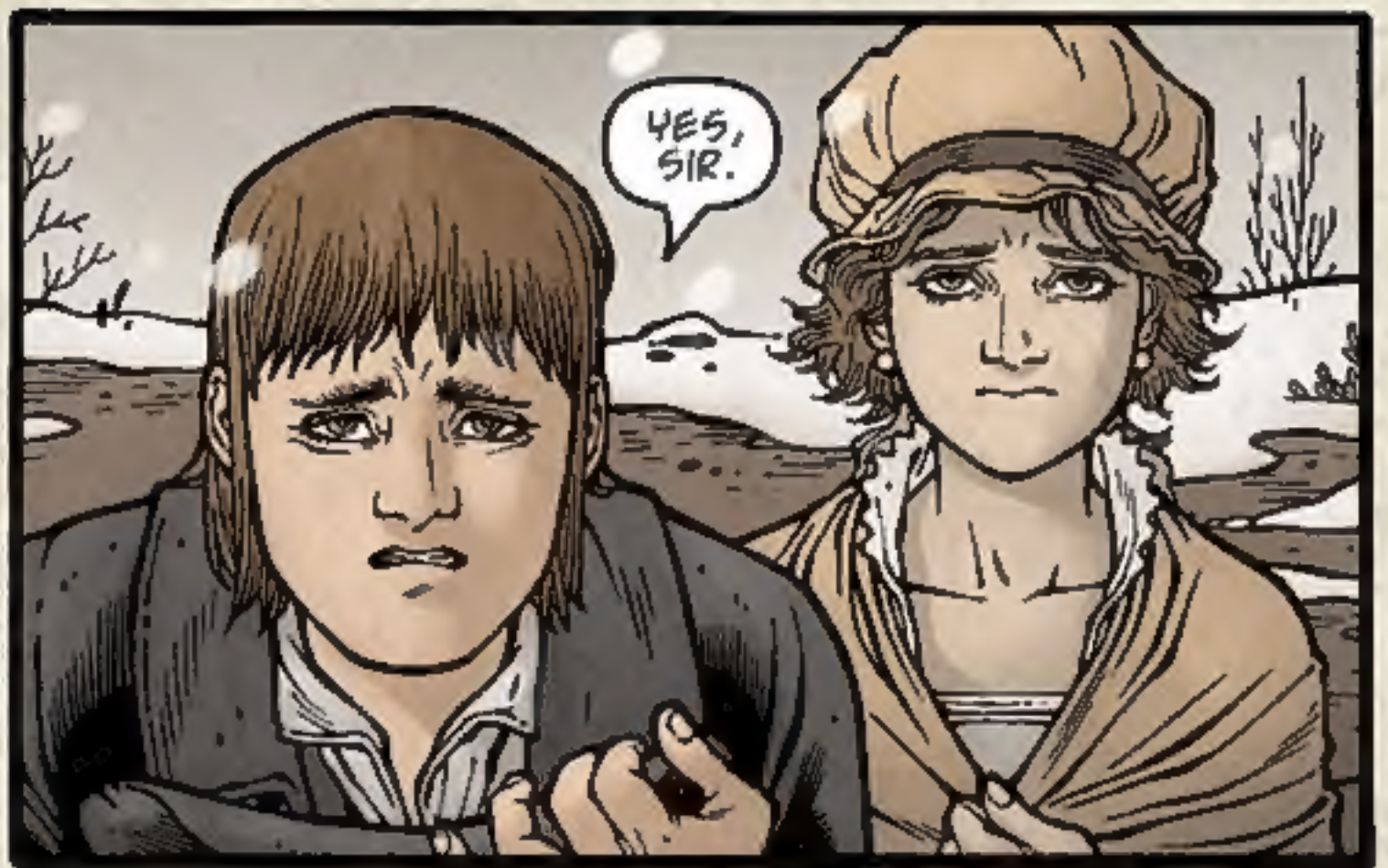


RI Cover



Jetpack Exclusive Cover

www.jetpackcomics.com



LOVECRAFT, MASSACHUSETTS BAY—1775

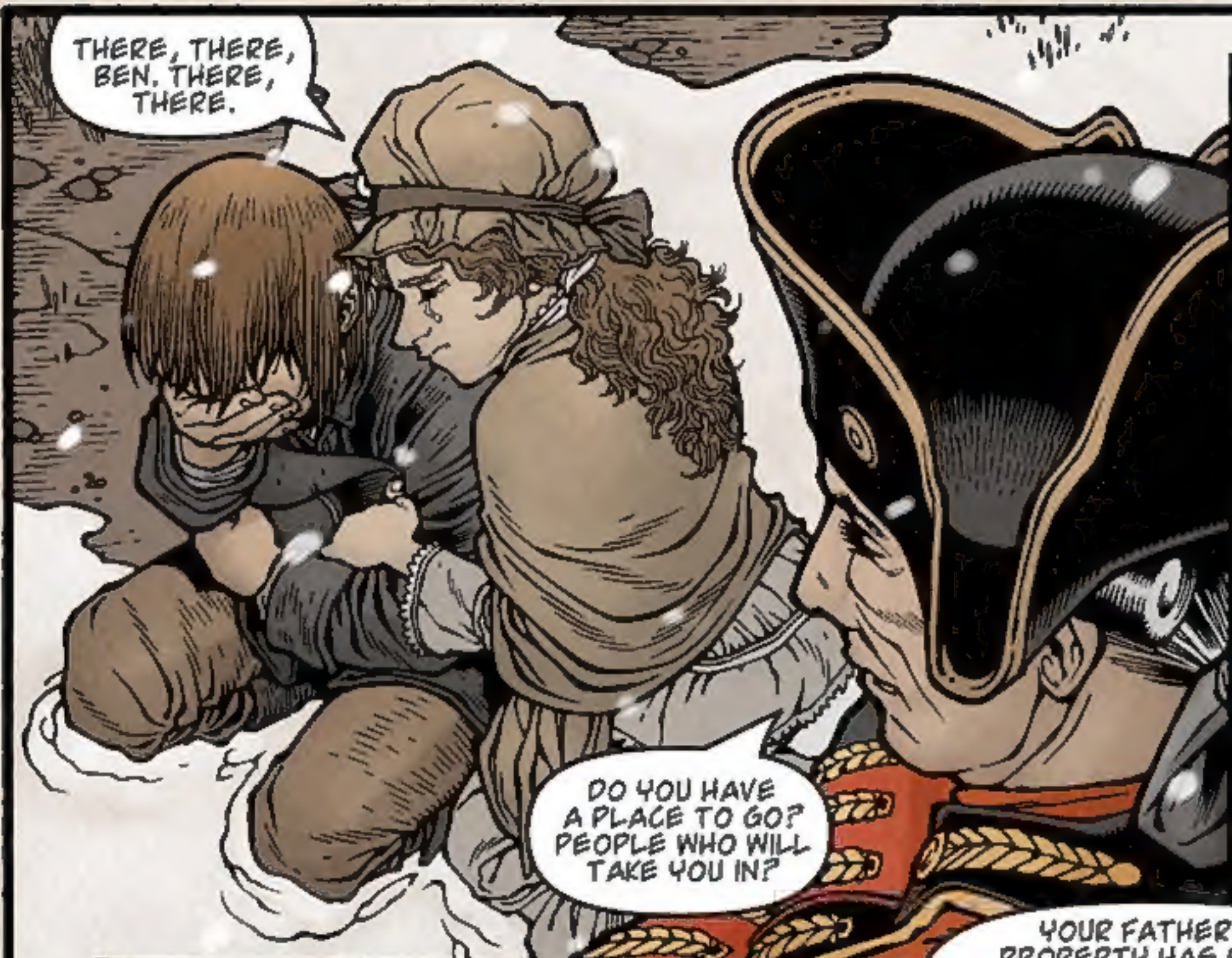


CLOCKWORKS ~ CHAPTER ONE THE LOCKSMITH'S SON

Storytellers - Gabriel Rodriguez & Joe Hill

Colored by Jay Fotos - Lettered by Robbie Robbins - Edited by Chris Ryall

Locks & Key created by Joe Hill & Gabriel Rodriguez



THERE, THERE,
BEN. THERE,
THERE.

DO YOU HAVE
A PLACE TO GO?
PEOPLE WHO WILL
TAKE YOU IN?



NO, SIR.
WE WILL HAVE
TO REMAIN
HERE.

WELL, THAT'S
NOT BLOODY LIKELY.
YOUR FATHER WAS A
TRAITOR. HE WAS USING
HIS FORGE TO MAKE
ARTILLERY FOR THESE
ILLITERATE DOGS YOU
COLONISTS COMICALLY
CALL AN ARMY.



YOUR FATHER'S
PROPERTY HAS BEEN
SEIZED BY THE AUTHORITY OF
HIS MAJESTY, KING GEORGE.
THIS HOUSE WILL SERVE HIS
BATALLIONS NOW.

YES, SIR. I MEAN,
NO, SIR. I'M SORRY,
SIR. YE CAN'T TAKE
THIS HOUSE FROM MY
FATHER, SIR.

I'D BLOODY
WELL LIKE TO KNOW
WHY NOT.



THE HOUSE
DOESN'T BELONG
TO HIM. IT WAS
PURCHASED BY MY
UNCLE, ON MY
MOTHER'S SIDE. WE
WERE HERE AS HIS
TENANTS, SIR.

WHERE IS
THIS BLASTED
UNCLE?

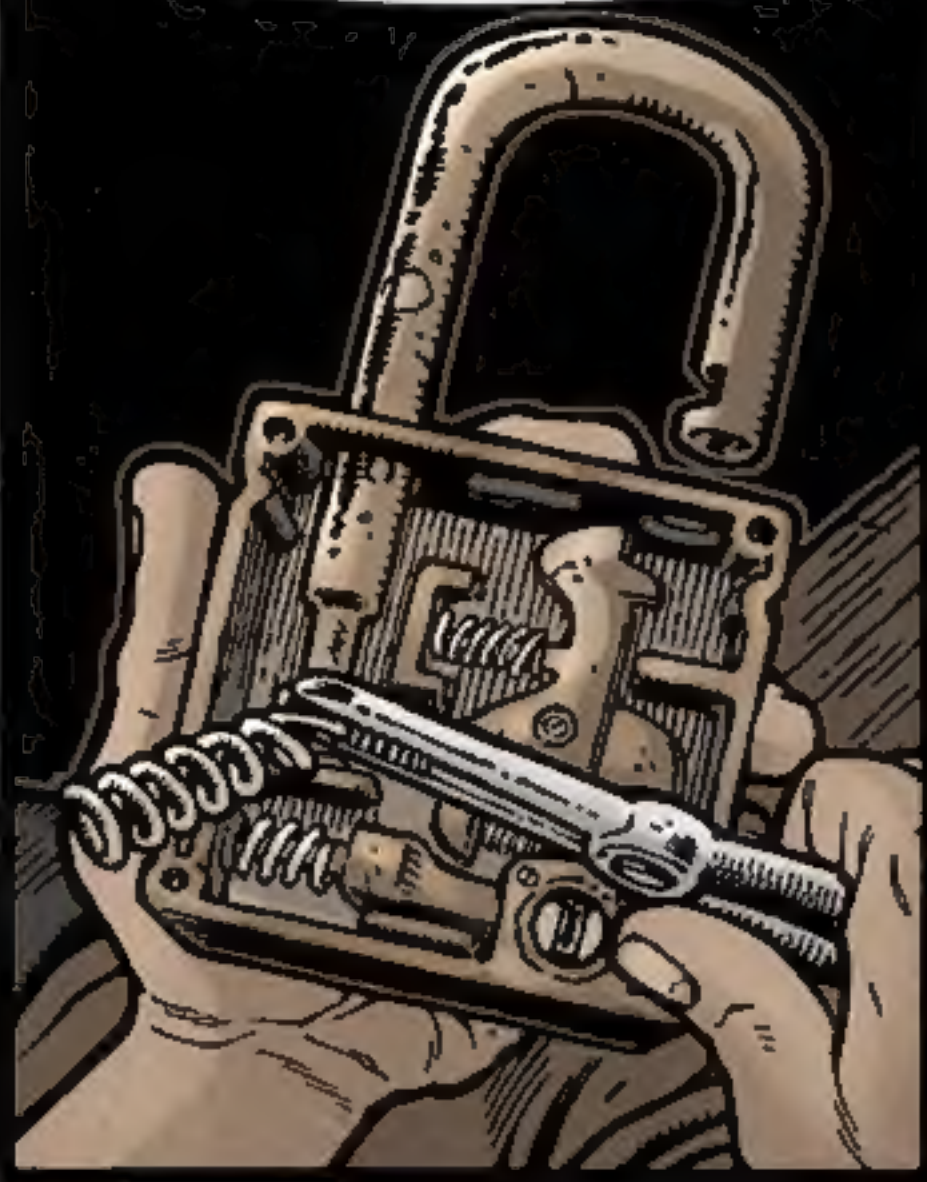
IN LONDON, SIR.
HE'S A LAWYER. HE KNOWS
MORE ABOUT DEEDS THAN
I DO. P'RHAPS HE COULD
SORT IT OUT WITH HIM.

WHAT A DAMNED
NUISANCE. WELL. WE
HAVE THE AUTHORITY
TO BILLET OUR MEN
HERE.

I SPIED A
WELLHOUSE OUT
BACK. I SUPPOSE THAT
WILL DO FOR YOU AND
YOUR SISTER. GOOD
DAY TO YOU.



DO YOU THINK MOTHER AND FATHER HAVE ARRIVED IN HEAVEN YET, BENJAMIN? DO YOU THINK 'TIS A LONG WALK FROM MASSACHUSETTS?

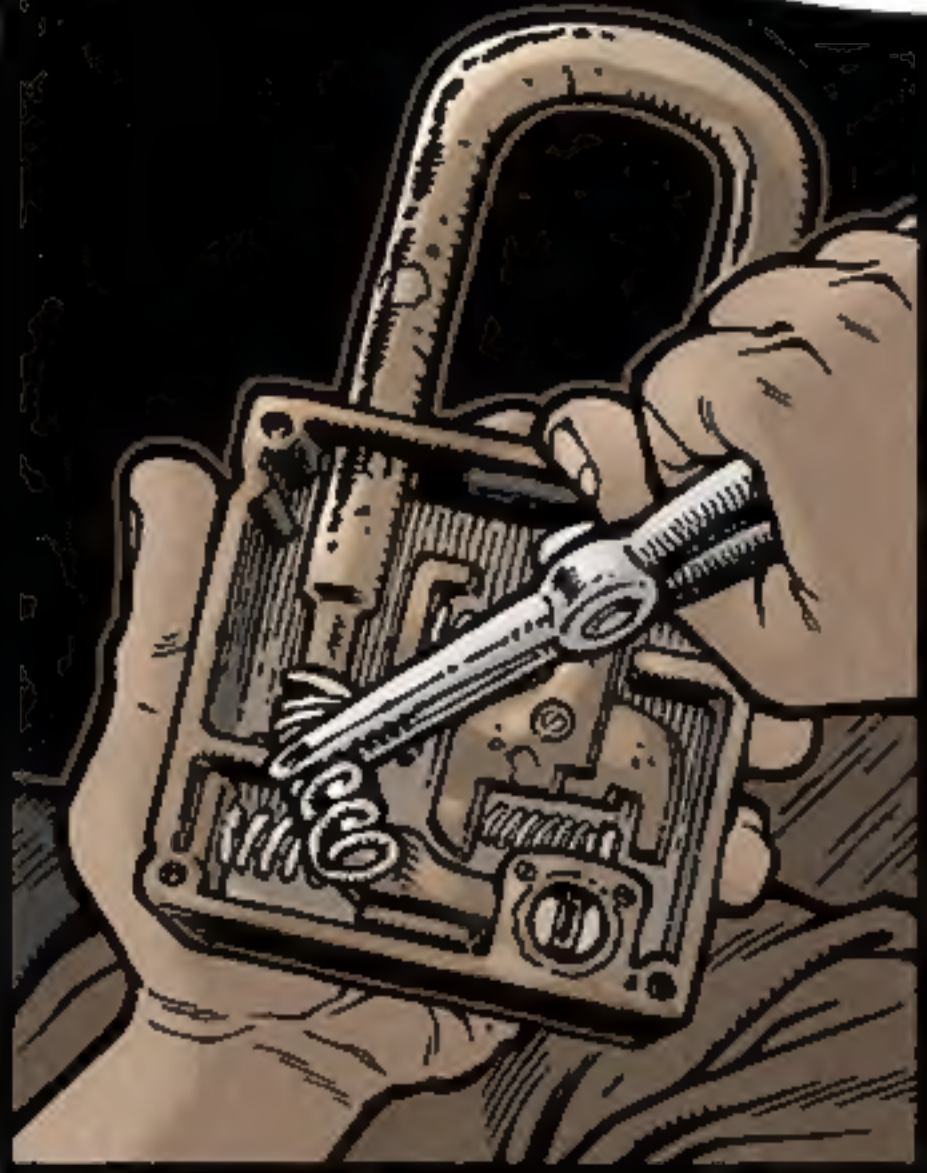


I SUPPOSE THAT'S VERY SILLY. I'M SURE THEY FLEW, OR WERE LIFTED BY ANGELS.

I CAN'T BEAR TO TELL JOSHUA. BEN? HOW WILL WE TELL JOSHUA THAT MOTHER IS DEAD, TOO? BENJAMIN?



BENJAMIN! CHRIST ON A CHAMBERPOT, WILL YOU NOT PUT DOWN THAT LOCK AND TALK TO ME? I CAN'T STAND THE SOUND OF MY OWN NATTERING, IT'S MAKING ME WILD!

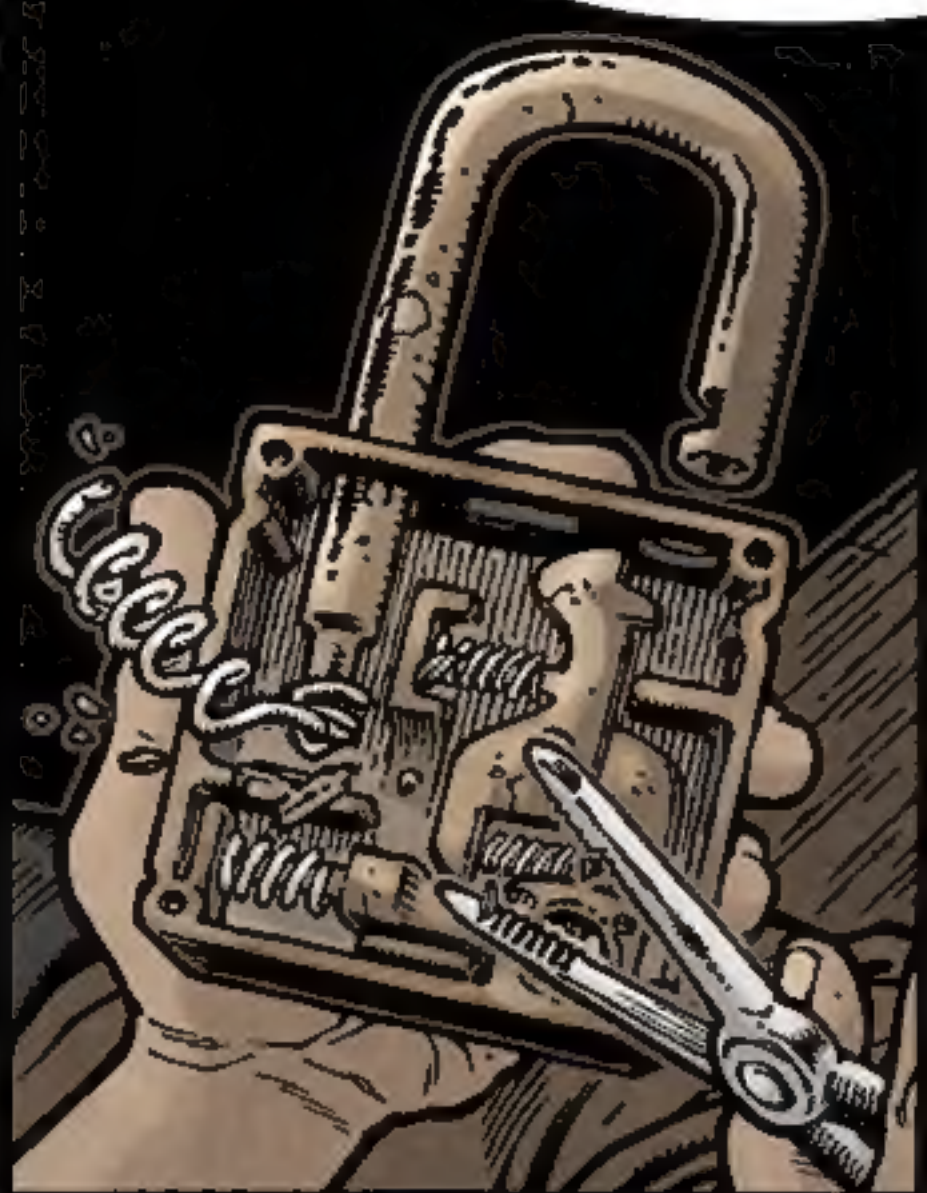


WE OUGHTN'T TAKE THE LORD'S NAME IN VAIN. HIS MERCY IS ALL WE HAVE NOW. IF MOTHER WAS ALIVE, SHE'D MAKE YOU EAT A CAKE OF SOAP FOR SUCH A WICKED BLASPHEMY.

YES. OF COURSE, YOU'RE RIGHT. I'M SORRY, BENJAMIN.



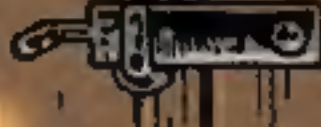
I SHALL TELL JOSHUA MYSELF. WE WILL GO WITH THE GOAT AS SOON AS I AM DONE WITH MY WORK HERE. I WILL TELL JOSHUA THAT MOTHER WAS BRAVE TO THE END AND...

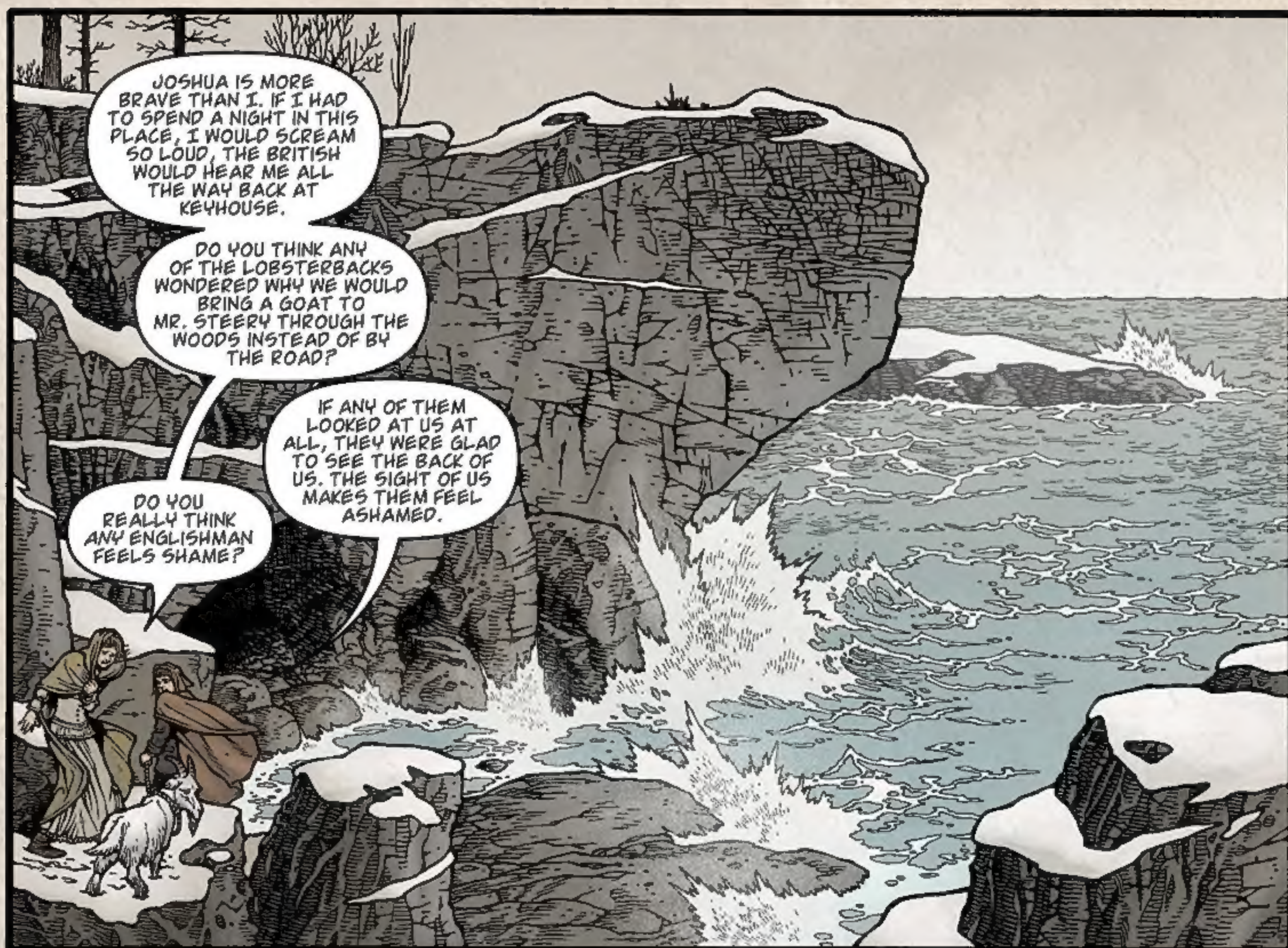


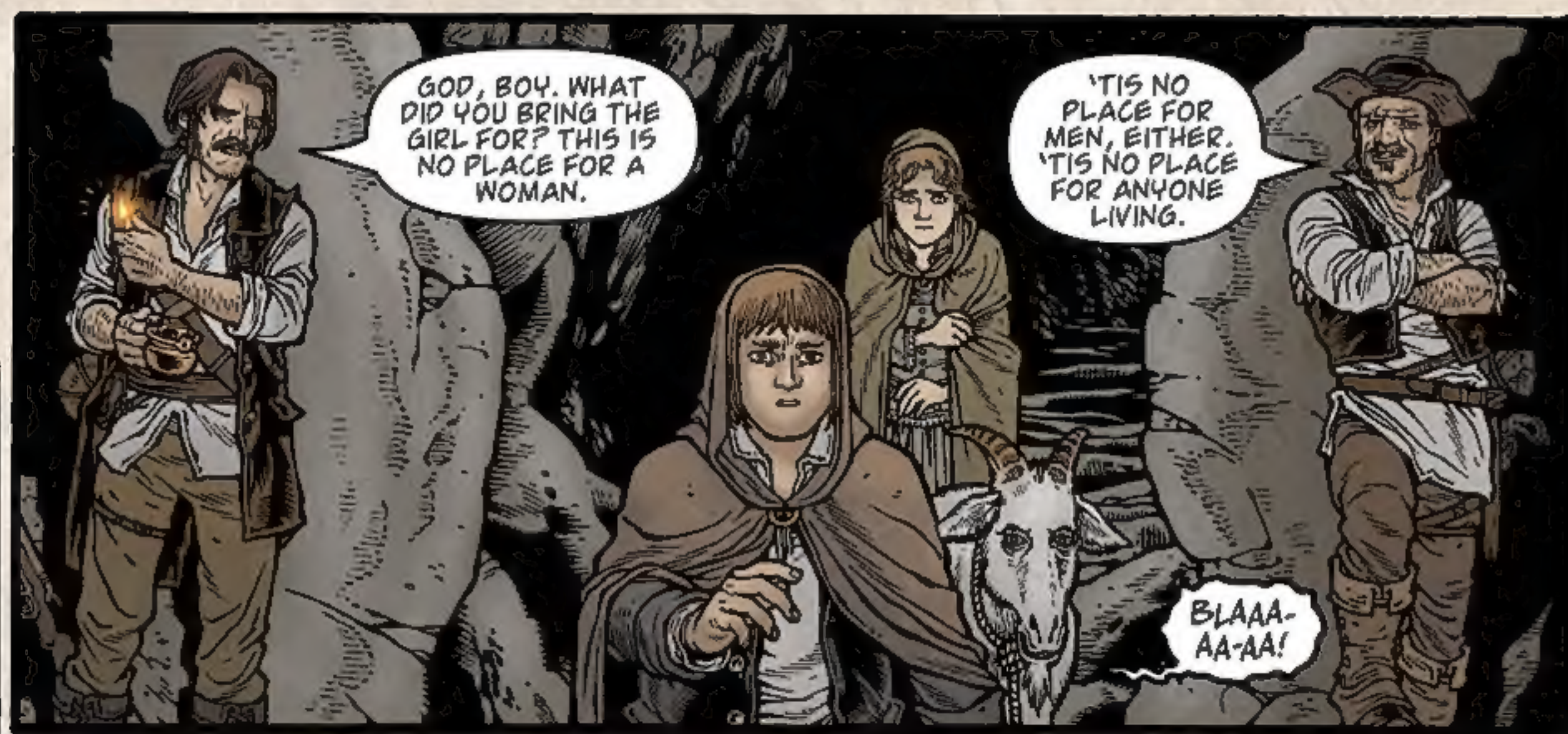
DAMN! I'VE GOT THE WHOLE MECHANISM BACKWARDS! I HAVE TO START AGAIN... STUPID, STUPID...

I DOUBT THE ISRAELITES HAD CHAMBERPOTS, ANYWAY.

OR THAT OUR SAVIOR WAS REQUIRED TO RELIEVE HIMSELF LIKE OTHER MEN.







GOD, BOY. WHAT DID YOU BRING THE GIRL FOR? THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A WOMAN.

'TIS NO PLACE FOR MEN, EITHER. 'TIS NO PLACE FOR ANYONE LIVING.

BLAAA-AA-AA!

BEN COULD NOT HAVE KEPT ME AWAY, ADAM CRAIS. OUR PARENTS ARE DEAD. I WANT TO BE HERE FOR JOSHUA WHEN HE LEARNS OF IT.

I AM SURE HE WILL BE DEVASTATED. HE AND MOTHER WERE SO VERY CLOSE. I WANT TO COMFORT HIM IF I CAN.

MIRANDA... I DOUBT THERE IS ANYTHING YOU CAN DO FOR JOSHUA.

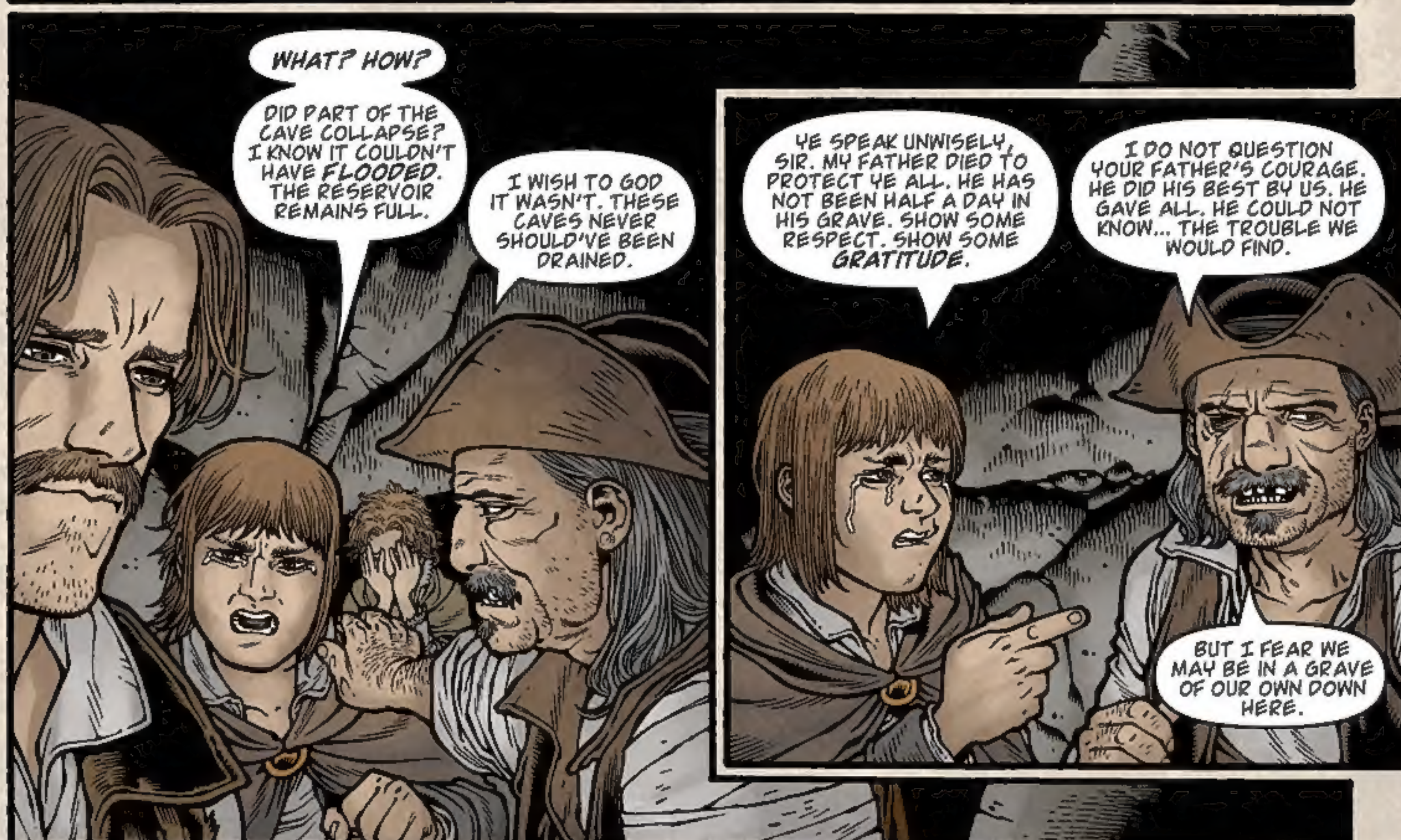
I AM QUITE SURE YOU ARE WRONG. I CAN TELL HIM OUR MOTHER WAS AT PEACE RIGHT TO THE END. I CAN HOLD HIM. I CAN—



—ADAM. WHAT IS WRONG? YE FRIGHTEN ME. WHY D'YE LOOK SO?

I'M SORRY. AFTER ALL YOUR FAMILY HAS ALREADY GIVEN—

JOSHUA WILL NOT REQUIRE YOUR COMFORT, MIRANDA. HE IS REUNITED WITH YOUR MOTHER ALREADY. THEY SIT TOGETHER AT THE FEET OF THEIR SAVIOR.



WHAT? HOW?

DID PART OF THE CAVE COLLAPSE? I KNOW IT COULDN'T HAVE FLOODED. THE RESERVOIR REMAINS FULL.

I WISH TO GOD IT WASN'T. THESE CAVES NEVER SHOULD'VE BEEN DRAINED.

YE SPEAK UNWISELY, SIR. MY FATHER DIED TO PROTECT YE ALL. HE HAS NOT BEEN HALF A DAY IN HIS GRAVE. SHOW SOME RESPECT. SHOW SOME GRATITUDE.

I DO NOT QUESTION YOUR FATHER'S COURAGE. HE DID HIS BEST BY US. HE GAVE ALL. HE COULD NOT KNOW... THE TROUBLE WE WOULD FIND.

BUT I FEAR WE MAY BE IN A GRAVE OF OUR OWN DOWN HERE.

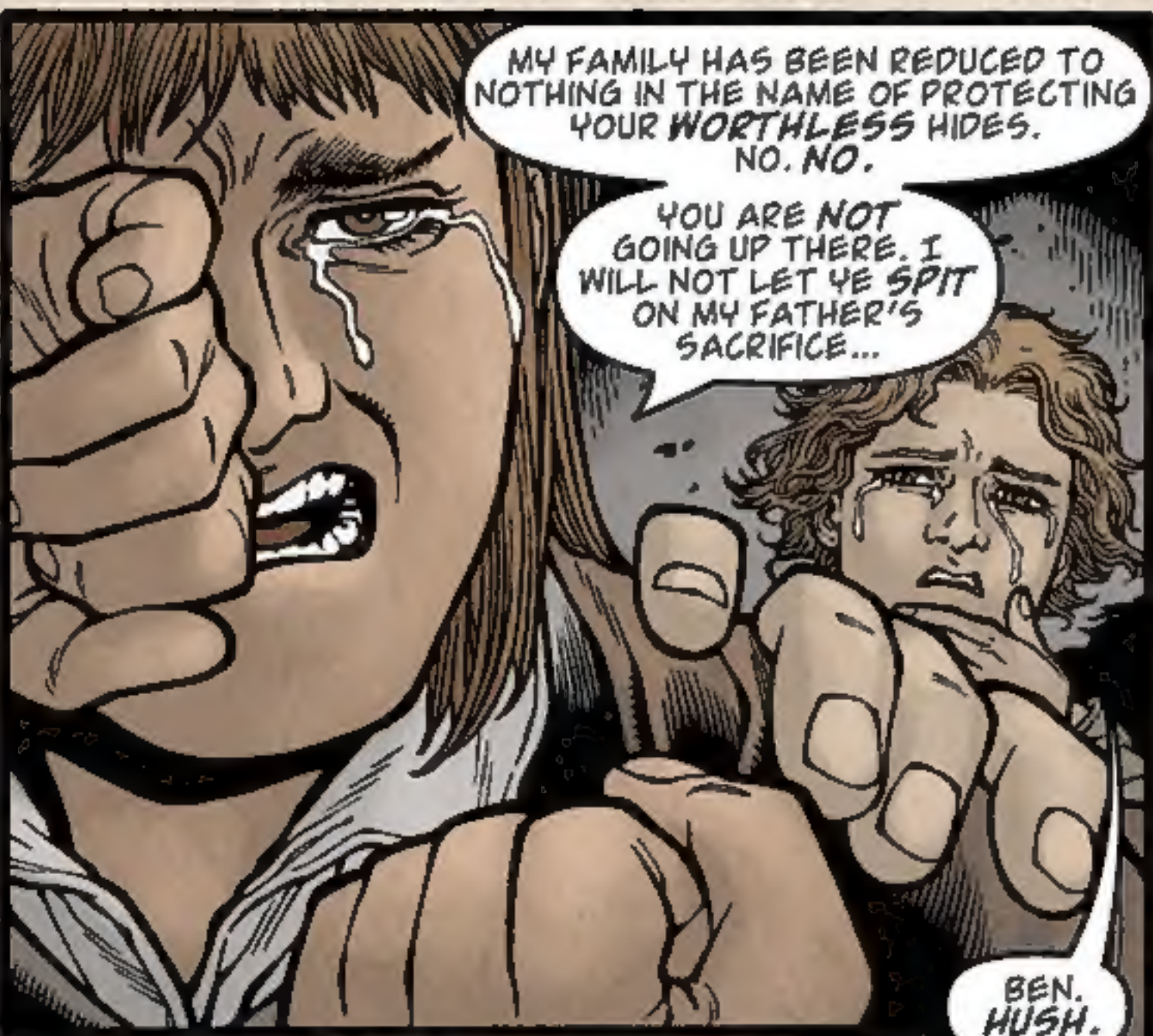


FREDRICKS. MIND YOUR TONGUE.

WITH RESPECT, CAPTAIN, 'TIS ONE THING TO TELL STORIES TO THE MEN. BUT THE LOCKES WILL REQUIRE AN HONEST ACCOUNTING OF WHAT HAPPENED. THEY AT LEAST DESERVE THE TRUTH ABOUT HOW THEIR BROTHER DIED.

AND THEY'LL WANT TO KNOW OUR REASONS FOR SURRENDERING, IF IT COMES TO THAT.

SURRENDER? ARE YOU BOTH UTTER FOOLS?



MY FAMILY HAS BEEN REDUCED TO NOTHING IN THE NAME OF PROTECTING YOUR WORTHLESS HIDES. NO. NO.

YOU ARE NOT GOING UP THERE. I WILL NOT LET YE SPIT ON MY FATHER'S SACRIFICE...

BEN. HUSH.



I WILL NOT BE SILENCED LIKE A CHILD SPEAKING OUT OF TURN AT THE DINNER TABLE! JOSHUA—JOSHUA DIED AND MOTHER DIED AND FATHER DIED AND THESE MEN—AND JOSHUA, JOSHUA—

HUSH, BEN.

IF YOU SAY ONE MORE STUPID WORD I WILL GO MAD. NOW IS THE TIME TO LAMENT, NOT TO RAGE.



NOT JOSHUA. NOT JOSHUA, TOO. IT ISN'T RIGHT. WHAT GOD? WHAT GOD?

SHH. DO NOT BLASPHEME. GOD HONORS US WITH OUR SUFFERING. REMEMBER JOB AND ALL HE WAS ASKED TO GIVE? LET THAT BE A COMFORT TO US BOTH.

DAMN THE BOOK OF JOB.







"IT WASN'T A DOOR AT FIRST. I KNOW THAT SOUNDS MAD. WHEN WE FOUND IT, WE THOUGHT IT WAS A ROUND CARVING, NO MORE.

"THE MICMACS LEFT THESE HOLES FULL OF THEIR CARVINGS. THIS ONE HAD PROBABLY BEEN UNDERWATER FOR A HUNDRED YEARS UNTIL YOUR FATHER'S INGENUOUS PUMP DRAINED THE CAVERNS.

"IT WAS UNNATURAL COLD IN THERE. YE COULD SEE YOUR BREATH. JOSHUA SAID IT WAS THE IDEAL PLACE TO STORE PROVISIONS.

"CAPTAIN CRAIS TASKED JOSHUA AND MYSELF AND MY BROTHER AND MR. FREDRICKS AND SOME OTHERS TO CARRY SUPPLIES DOWN. WE WERE AT IT LATE INTO THE NIGHT.

"ON ONE OF OUR TRIPS DOWN, MY BROTHER SAID TO ME, 'DOESN'T IT LOOK LIKE A DOOR?' I SAID 'DON'T BE DAFT.'

"BUT THEN, ON OUR NEXT TRIP DOWN, IT DID LOOK LIKE A DOOR. ALMOST. THEN THE TRIP AFTER, IT WAS A DOOR.

"I KNOW I SOUND A RIGHT LUNATIC. BUT IT WASN'T A DOOR WHEN WE FIRST SAW IT, AND THEN LATER IT WAS. LIKE IT WOKE UP.

"IT WAS LIKE SOMETHING ASLEEP THAT WAS ROUSED AT THE SOUND OF OUR COMMOTION. LIKE AN EYE THAT OPENED.

"HARM PUT HIS EAR TO IT AND BEGAN LISTENING. I SAID LEAVE IT, BUT HE WOULDN'T.

"AFTER A MOMENT, MY BROTHER SHOUTED. HE SAID HE THOUGHT HE COULD OPEN IT. MR. FREDRICKS SAID GET AWAY FROM IT—

"—I THINK SOMETHING ABOUT THE IDEA IT MIGHT BE OPENED TERRIFIED US ALL—

"—BUT HARM WASN'T LISTENING TO US. HE WAS LISTENING TO WHAT HE HEARD ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR. HE PUT HIS HANDS TO IT AND PUSHED IT UP INTO THE WALL.

"THEN IT WAS OPEN AND MY BROTHER WENT IN AMONG THE DEVVYLS."



DEVILS?



AYE. WE ALL SAW THEM. EXCEPT MR. FREDRICKS, WHO KEPT HIS FACE AVERTED. BUT HE HEARD THEM.

MANY OF THE DEMONS TRIED TO PASS THROUGH THE DOOR, BUT WHEN THEY DID, THEY SCREAMED. THEY SCREAMED, OH, IN TERRIBLE AGONY, AND FELL...



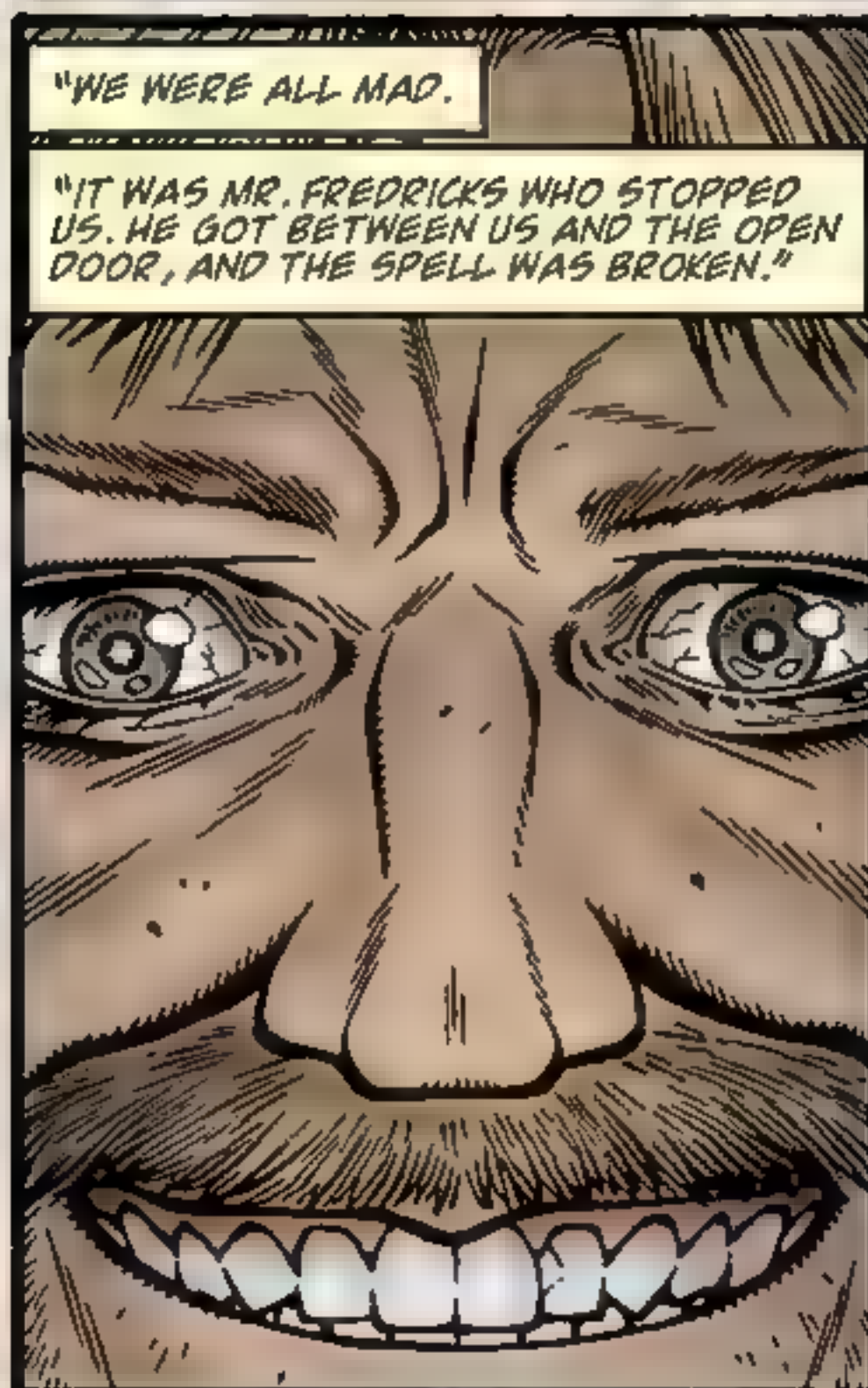
"... DROPPED TO THE FLOOR AS SMOKING LUMPS OF IRON.

"THEY CAME AT IT AS MOTHS WILL DIVE AT A FIRE."



THE DEVYLS WANTED TO COME TO US AND—GOD HELP ME—I WANTED TO GO TO THEM.

THE FIRST I SAW THEM, IT WAS LIKE SEEING THE THING I HAD WANTED ALL MY LIFE, BUT NEVER KNOWN IT.



"WE WERE ALL MAD.

"IT WAS MR. FREDRICKS WHO STOPPED US. HE GOT BETWEEN US AND THE OPEN DOOR, AND THE SPELL WAS BROKEN."



I FLINCHED WHEN IT FIRST OPENED, AND AFTER THAT, KEPT ME BLIND SIDE TO THE DOOR.

I DON'T DOUBT I'LL HAVE MY CHANCE TO SEE HELL ONE DAY, BUT I'VE NO INTEREST IN ADMIRING THE VIEW BEFORE MY TIME.



HARM TRIED TO FORCE US THROUGH THE DOOR. HE... HE CUT OFF MACKENZIE SMITH'S HEAD.

HE STABBED MR. FREDRICKS THROUGH THE SHOULDER FOR TRYING TO CLOSE THE DOOR.



"YOUR BROTHER HAD ALREADY BEEN STABBED SIX TIMES, BUT HE GOT UP AGAIN AND PULLED HARM OFF OF FREDRICKS. YOUR BROTHER FOUGHT BRAVEST, MA'AM.

"I WAS SO MAD WITH RAGE, I MAY WELL HAVE CUT HARM'S THROAT MYSELF, WHILE HE LAY UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR, IF CAPTAIN CRAIS HAD NOT COME TO STOP ME."



YOUR BROTHER HARM... HE'S STILL ALIVE?

WILL YOU TAKE US TO HIM, ADAM? I WOULD HEAR WHAT THIS MAN HAS TO SAY FOR HIMSELF.



I KNOW I MUST DIE. I WON'T PLEAD FOR MY LIFE.

BUT I PLEAD FOR MY SOUL. OPEN THE DOOR. LET ME GO BACK INTO THAT OTHER PLACE, AND PERHAPS THE THING THAT IS IN ME WILL DEPART.



HA! WE'VE GOT A FEW HUNDRED ROCKS COVERING THAT MISBEGOTTEN HOLE AND IT'S STILL NOT ENOUGH TO SATISFY ME.

I WON'T MOVE ONE PEBBLE OF IT, AND I'LL SHOOT ANY MAN WHO TRIES TO.



HM... THAT LUMP OF METAL...

THAT'S ONE OF THEM. ONE OF THE DEMONS. THEY CAN'T ENTER OUR WORLD WITHOUT GETTING INTO A PERSON. IF THEY TRY, THEY TURN TO THAT.



WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO PRAY WITH YOU, SIR? WHATEVER YOU DID, IF YOU TURN TO GOD WITH AN OPEN HEART, THERE IS NOTHING HE CANNOT DO.

I KILLED YOUR BROTHER, YET YE WOULD PRAY WITH ME?

SURELY THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A MORE WORTHLESS CREATURE THAN MYSELF, OR A SWEETER ANGEL THAN YOU.



OH, MA'AM, A CHRISTIAN SUCH AS YOURSELF WOULD NOT LET THEM KILL ME WITHOUT A TRIAL, I KNOW IT.

IT'S NOT STEEL. I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF METAL IT MIGHT BE. IT'S LIGHT.



SHE HAS NO SAY
IN IT. DO NOT PLEAD
WITH A CHILD.

I HAVE STAYED
YOUR EXECUTION ONLY
TO HEAR WHAT YOU
MIGHT HAVE TO SAY ON
THE SUBJECT OF
YOUR CRIMES.

IT WASN'T ME!
'T WAS THAT THING
THAT GOT INSIDE
OF ME!



MAYBE...
MAYBE IT HAS
FLED! I FEEL
WELL ENOUGH
NOW.

WHAT IF, HAVING USED
ME AS AN INSTRUMENT OF
ITS DREADFUL CRIMES, THE
DEMON HAS SLIPPED AWAY?
YOU WOULD BE KILLING AN
INNOCENT MAN.



WHAT IF YOU WAS A
LYING BASTARD, HOPING TO
BRING A FEW MORE OF YOUR
INFERNAL FRIENDS THROUGH
THE HOLE?

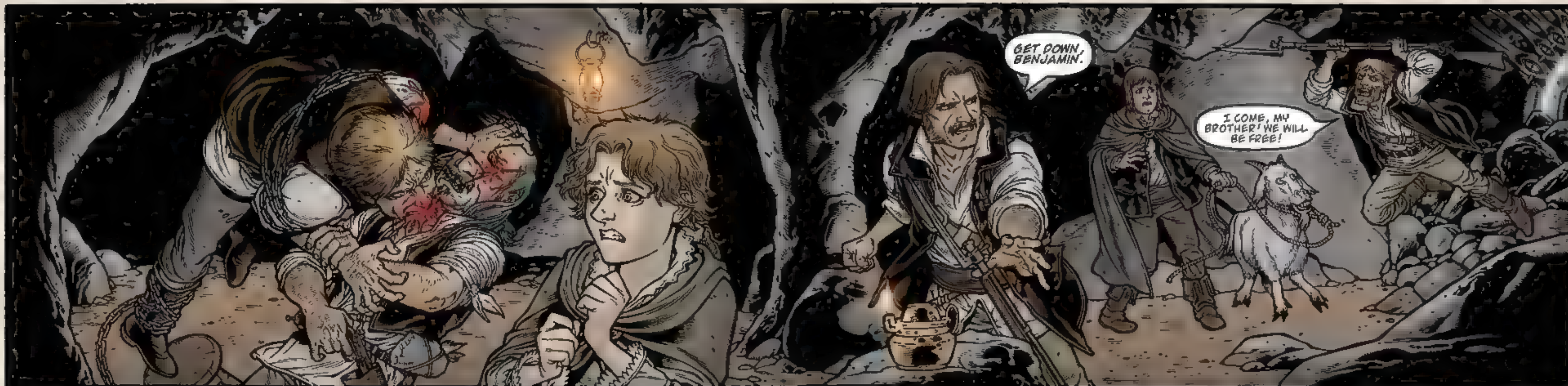
WHEN YOU WAS
KILLING, I COULD SEE IT
IN YOUR EYES. I COULD
SEE THE DEMON.



MY BROTHER!
OH, MY BROTHER!
IT FEELS GOOD!



THESE FOOLS ARE
BLIND, MY BROTHER.
SET ME LOOSE AND WE
WILL TEACH THEM TO
SEE AS WE DO.



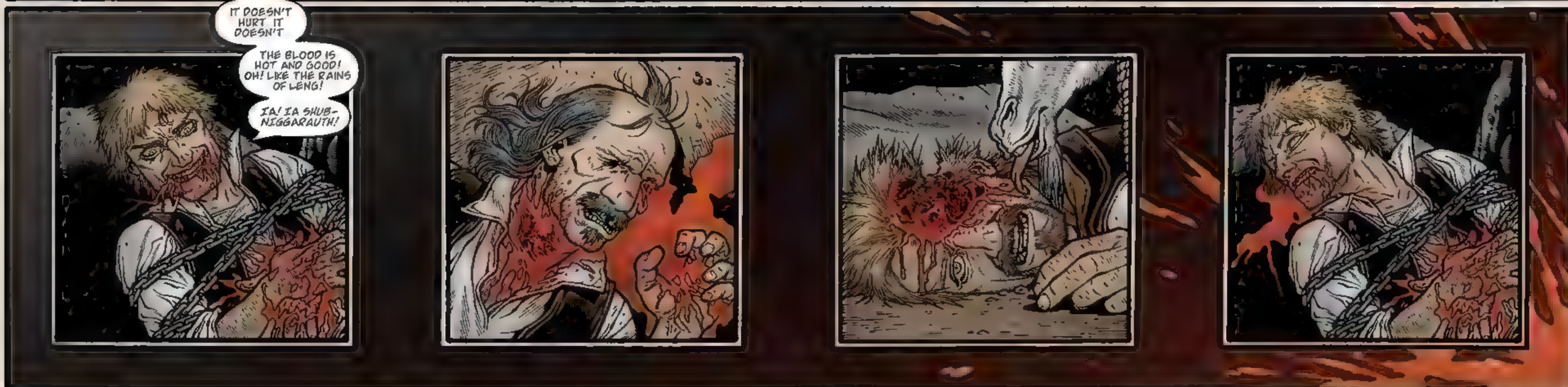
GET DOWN, BENJAMIN.

I COME, MY BROTHER! WE WILL BE FREE!



BLAM!

SLAMMMMMM!!!



IT DOESN'T HURT IT DOESN'T

THE BLOOD IS HOT AND GOOD! OH! LIKE THE RAINS OF LENG!

IA! IA SHUB-NIGGARAUTH!



COVER THAT DOOR WITH STONES, BOY. AND FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T LOOK THROUGH IT WHILE YOU'RE DOING IT.



WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF THIS PLACE.

YES. ALL OF US. NOW.



THERE. I'VE PUSHED THE DOOR SHUT.

THESE STONES AREN'T DOING A DAMNED THING TO KEEP IT CLOSED.

NO? I'M SURE 20,000 TONS OF SEA WATER WILL DO THE TRICK.



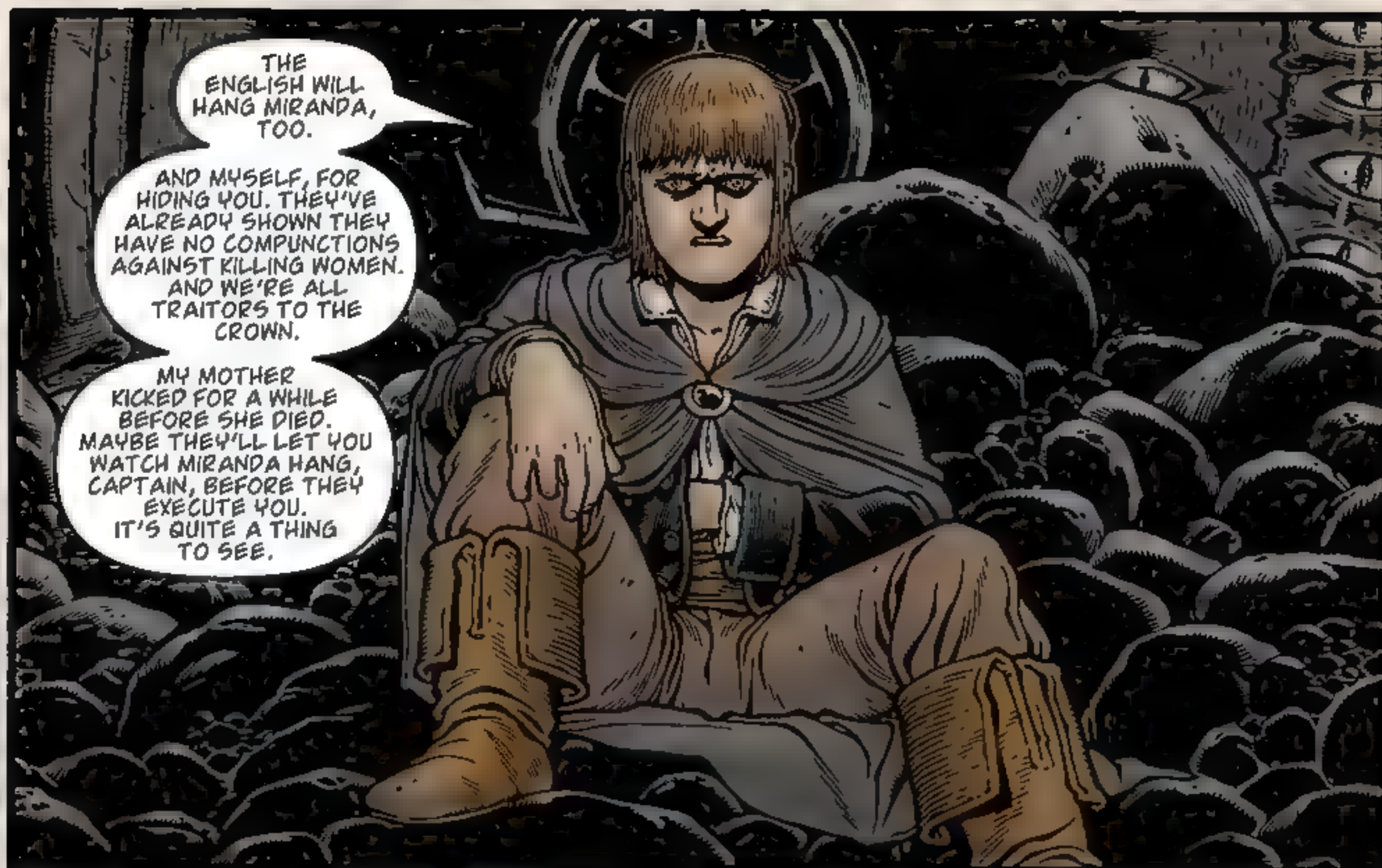
IF YOU FLOOD THE CAVE, THERE'S NO PLACE FOR YOUR MEN TO HIDE. THE BRITISH WILL KILL EVERY ONE OF YOU.



AT LEAST WE WOULD DIE MEN. WITH OUR SOULS INTACT.

THIS PLACE IS FAR WORSE THAN IMPERIAL TYRANNY.

AGAINST THE THINGS FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR, THE WARS OF MEN ARE LIKE THE SQUABBLES OF CHILDREN.



THE
ENGLISH WILL
HANG MIRANDA,
TOO.

AND MYSELF, FOR
HIDING YOU. THEY'VE
ALREADY SHOWN THEY
HAVE NO COMPUNCTIONS
AGAINST KILLING WOMEN.
AND WE'RE ALL
TRAITORS TO THE
CROWN.

MY MOTHER
KICKED FOR A WHILE
BEFORE SHE DIED.
MAYBE THEY'LL LET YOU
WATCH MIRANDA HANG,
CAPTAIN, BEFORE THEY
EXECUTE YOU.
IT'S QUITE A THING
TO SEE.



BEN!

WE'LL LET THE
TWO OF YOU GO
AHEAD. WE'LL LET YOU
HAVE THREE HOURS
BEFORE WE GIVE
OURSELVES UP. YOU CAN
RUN FOR IT. IF YOU CAN
GET TO BOSTON—



I CAN KEEP THIS
DOOR SHUT. IT'S
JUST A DOOR. ALL YOU
NEED TO DO IS PUT A
LOCK ON IT.

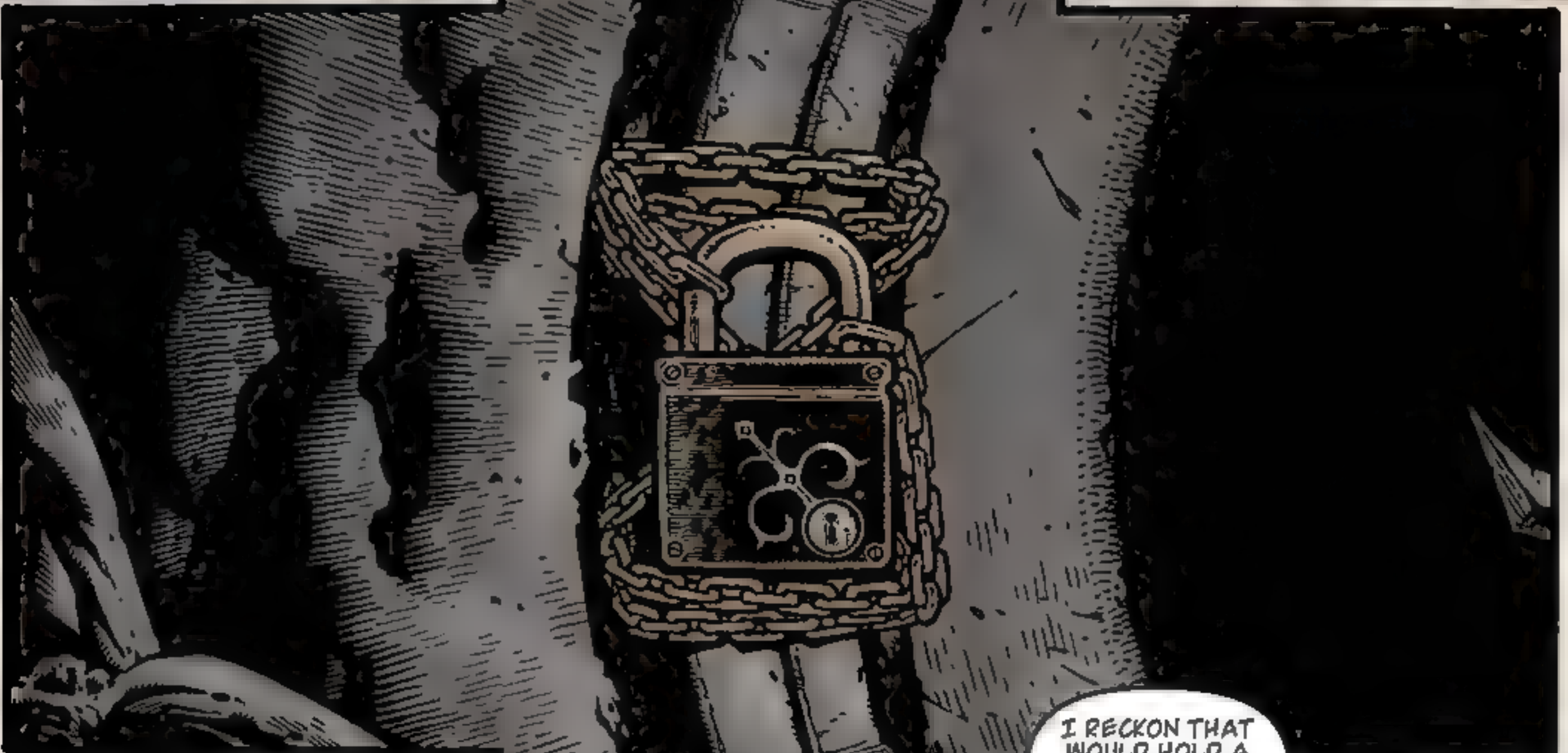
I HAVE LOST MY
BROTHER, MY MOTHER,
AND MY FATHER IN THE
NAME OF KEEPING YOUR
SHABBY LITTLE MILITIA
SAFE.

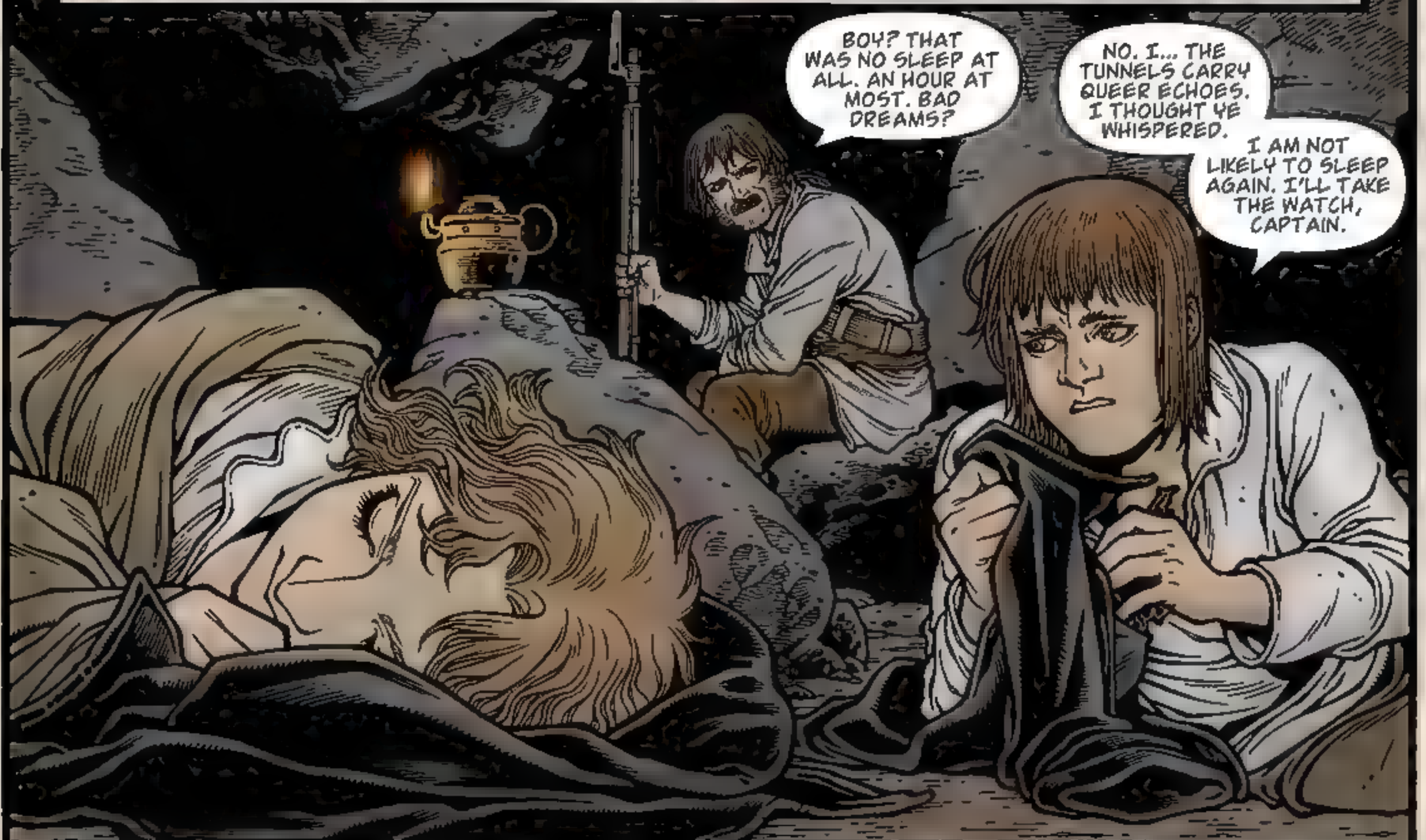
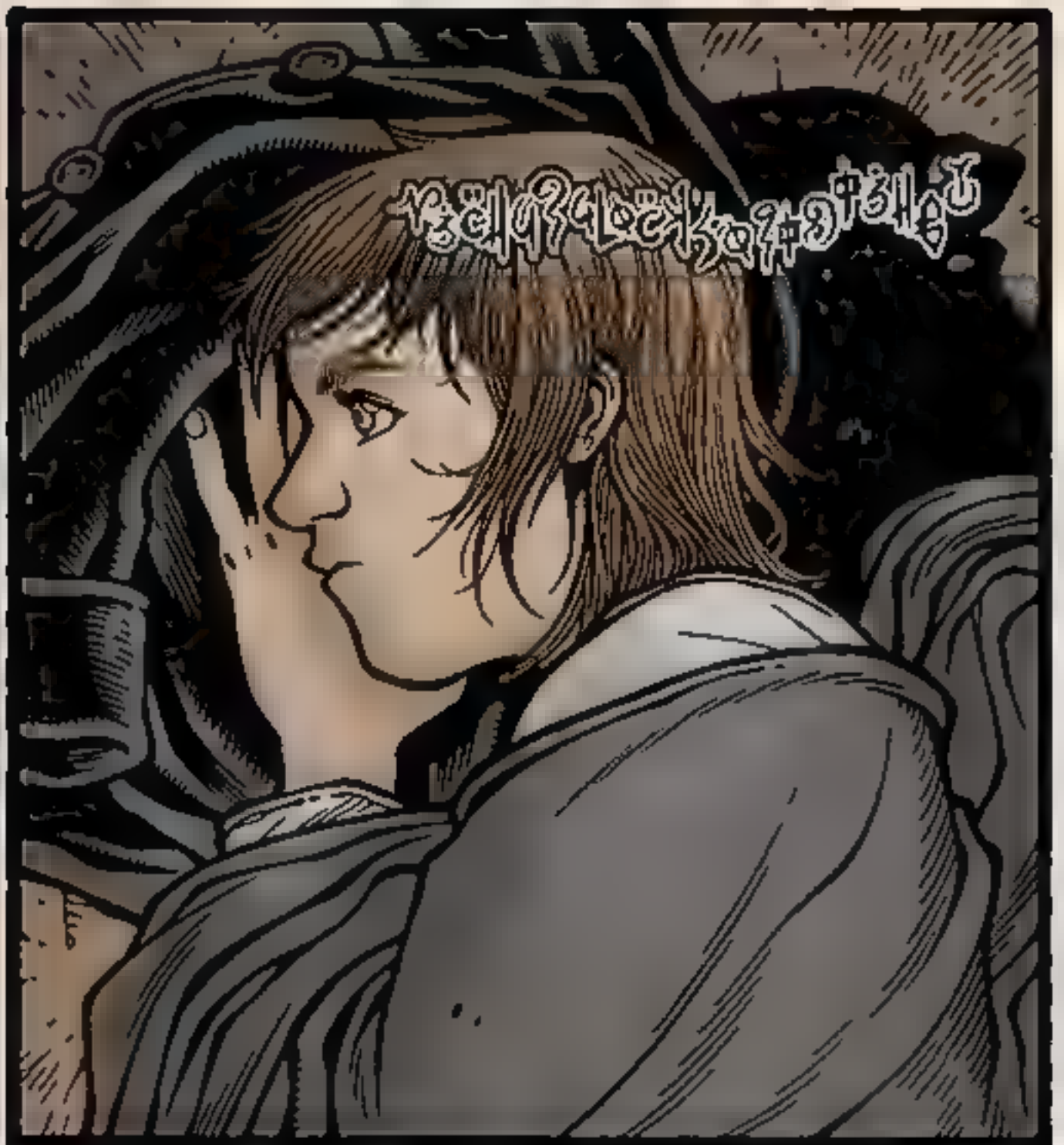


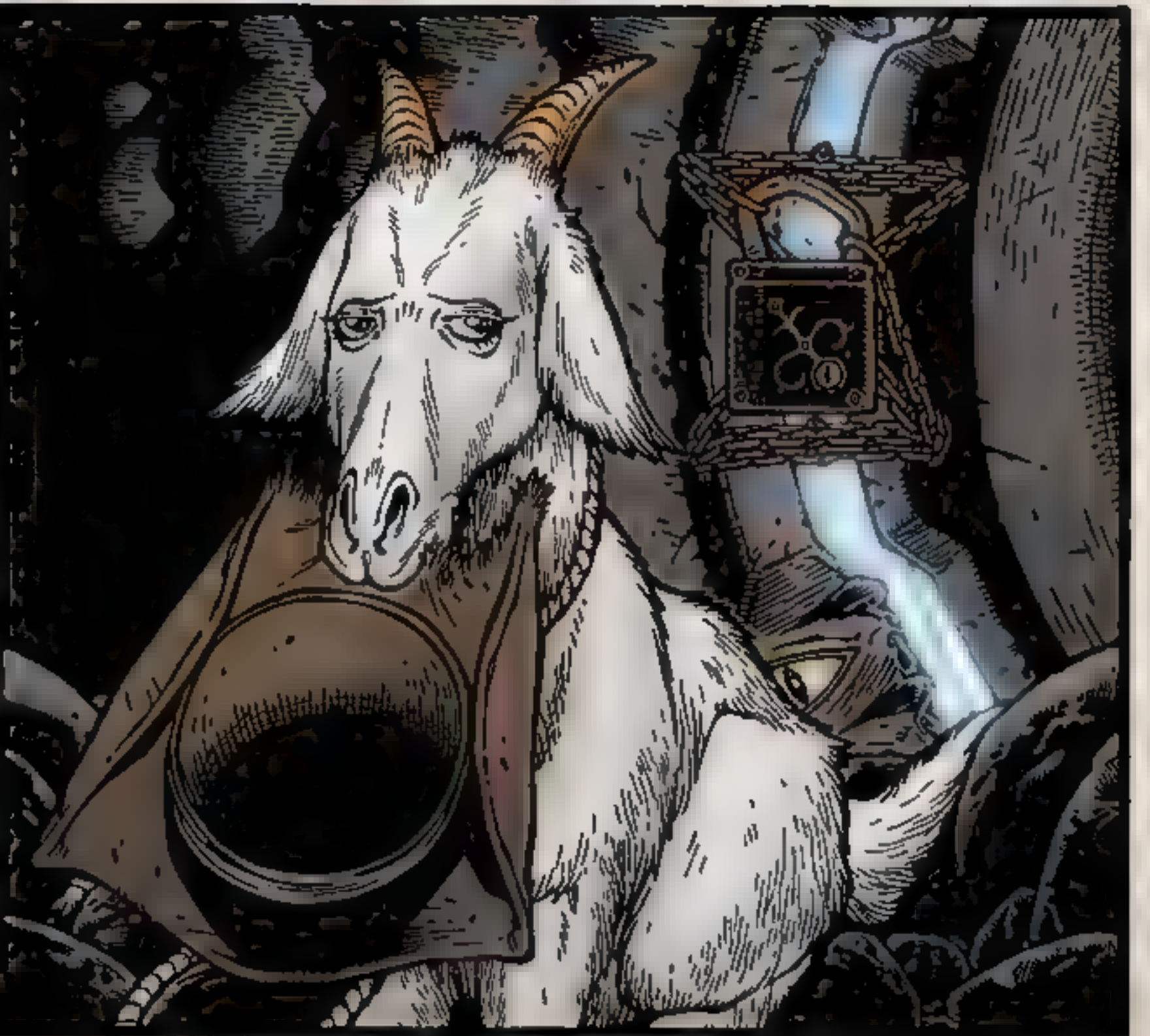
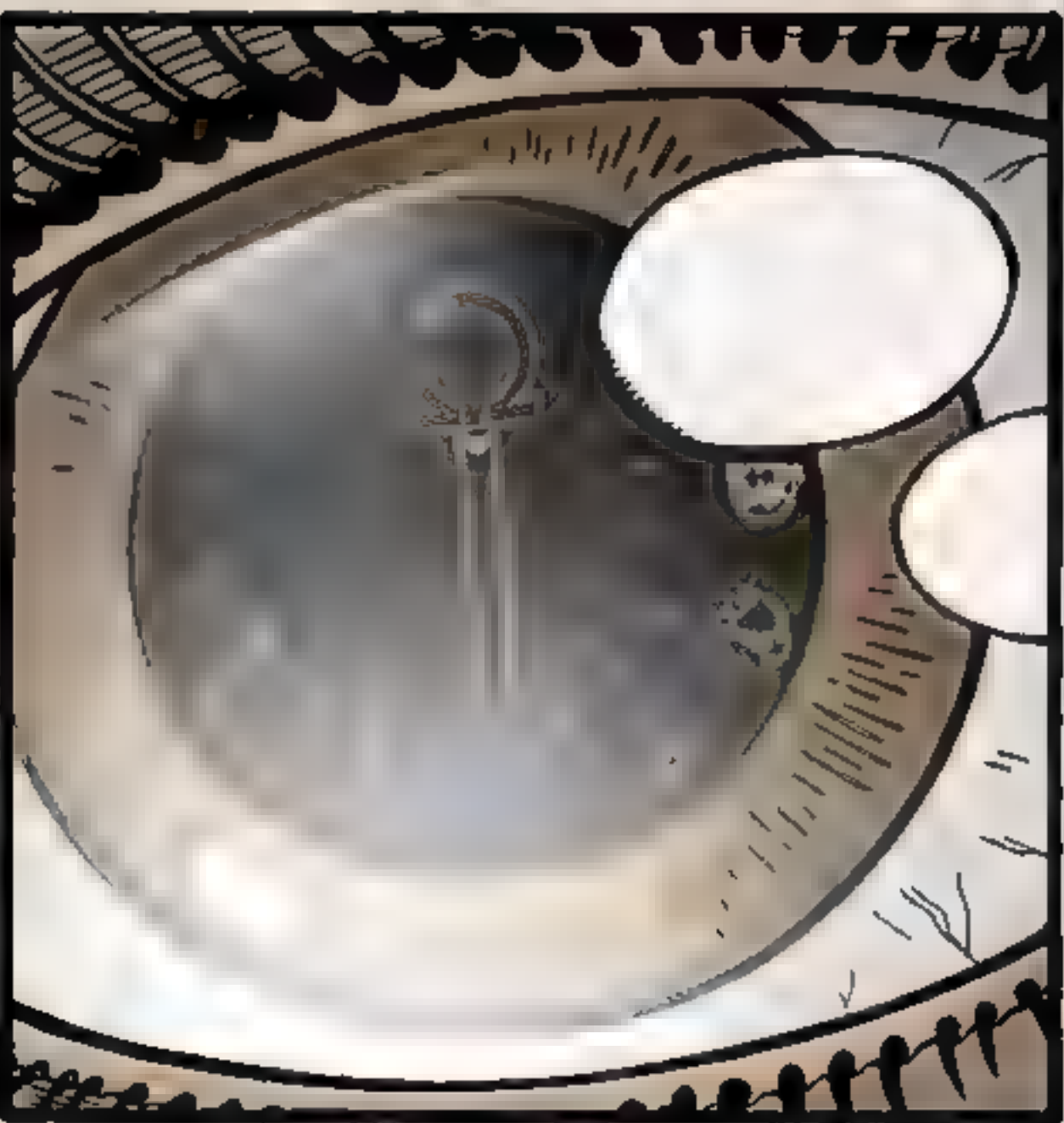
I WILL NOT LET THEIR
SACRIFICE MEAN NOTHING,
NOR WILL I EXPOSE MY
SISTER TO NEEDLESS RISK.
AND I'M NOT RUNNING
FROM MY HOME.

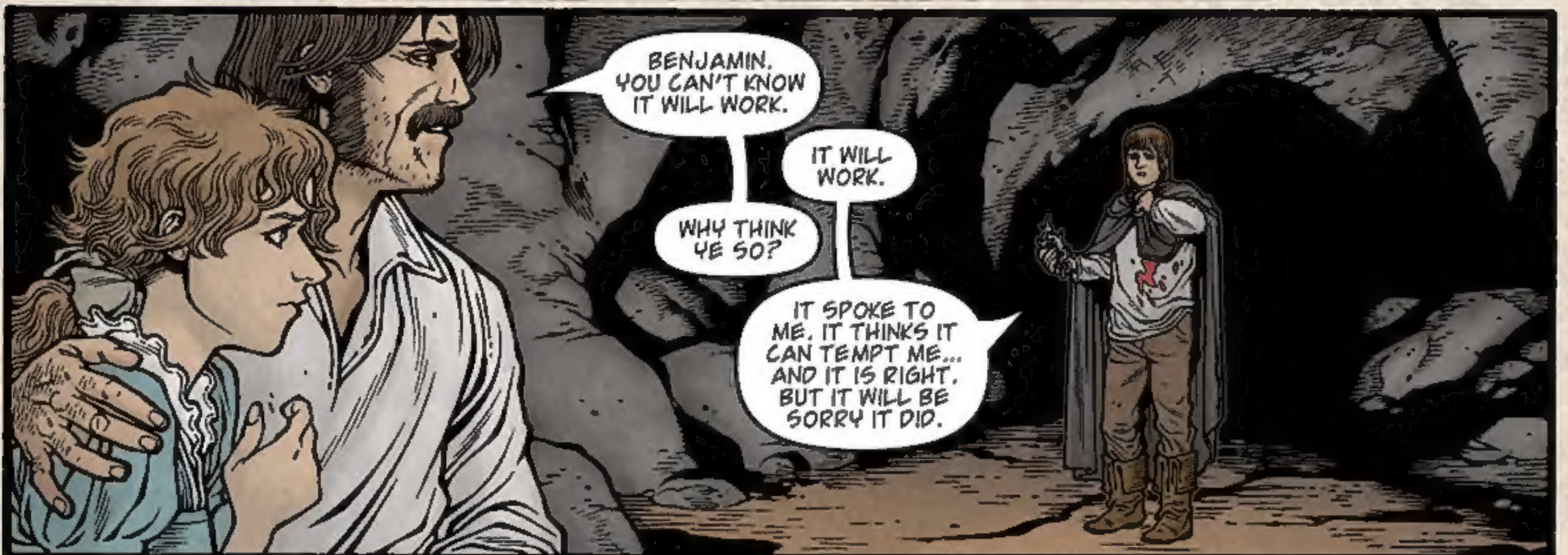
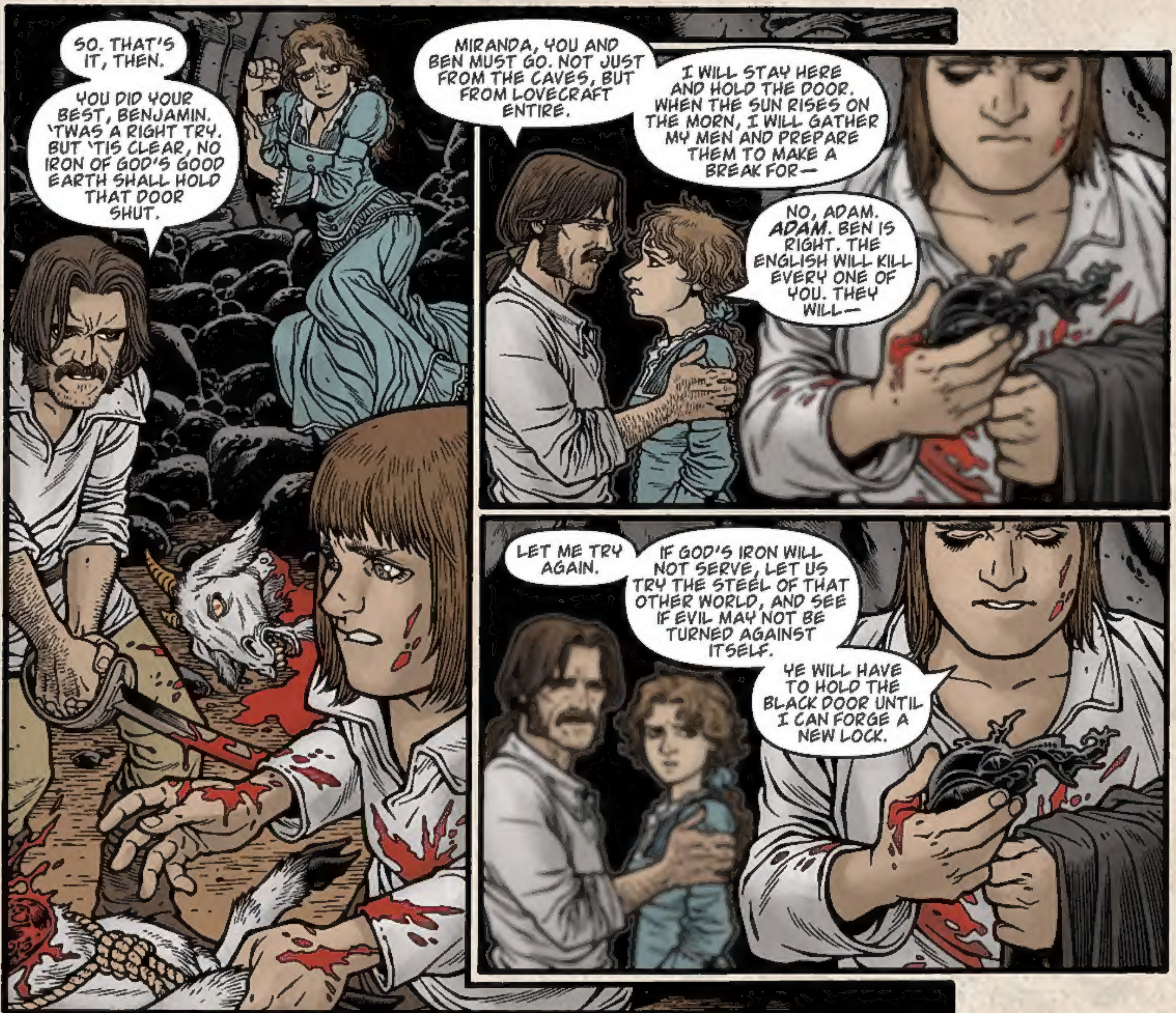
IN TWO WEEKS,
THE BRITISH WILL
RETURN TO BOSTON.
THERE IS NO STRATEGIC
PURPOSE TO OCCUPYING
LOVECRAFT.

WE CAN KEEP THIS
DOOR SHUT FOR TWO
WEEKS. WITH A GOOD LOCK,
WE CAN KEEP IT SHUT
FOREVER.









"—I AIM TO WORK LIKE THE DEVIL."



